NIGHT EDITION BASEBALL'S OPENING DAY.

Brooklyn and New York Struggled Gamely at the Polo Grounds.

RUSIE POUNDED AT THE START.

There was a glitter in the batsman's eye; Mighty strength was in his arm. The willow stick he firmly held on high. On the grand stand fell a calm. Like a fresh and rounded hot tamale,

The horsehide sped upon its way, And as the Bridegroom fanned the air, he Jabbed his heels deep in the clay. -Ballads of the Giants.

(Special to The Evening World.)
POLO GROUNDS, April 18.—Promptly at 4 o'clock Mayor Strong appeared in the Directors' box and tossed a new white ball to Umpire Lynch, and the baseball season of 1896 was formally opened. A few seconds later "Play" Yorks and the Brooklyns, with Brooklyn at the bat. Before the game, Capts. Davis and

Griffin decided that there should be no "ground" rule, restricting the number bases to be taken on a hit into the

Brooklyn.
Griffin, cf.
Fouts, 1b.
Daly, 5b.
Burns, 1t.
Tredway, rf.
Shindle, 3b.
Corcoran, ss.
Grim, c.
Kannedy, p.
th.

Amos struck another across the plate. times. No runs.

Straight into the air went the sphere.

The crowd held its breath as Jim Staf-kers on it, and the sphere got by both ford settled for a catch. The white Rusie and Stafford, Daly getting to which Mike took care of. It was a good rapping up a little one to Davis. One sacrifice, however, for Daly continued run. across the rubber. Big Amos then set-tled down to business, and Shindle made

and retired. Two runs. Corcoran, who fielded it cleanly to circus catch of Farrell's fly to short Fouts. Van Haltren banged out a long right. After catching the ball he fell

second. After rubbing the sore spot a few moments Amos pluckily resume



at him a moment later, but Amos was on the look out, and getting the ball tossed it to Doyle and Brooklyn's chances were spoiled for the present.

Rusic Doyle put an easy grounder to Corcoran, and was thrown out. Tiernan first Inding—Capt. Griffin walked to the plate, and for a second or two he and Rusic sized one another up. "One he stepped to the plate, but was not strike," yelled Lynch, as the first ball able to do the pretty thing, and went sped over the plate. After two balls, to the bench, after fanning the air three

sphere nestled into Jim's spacious maw-first. The Brooklynite was caugh leys, and he made the first put out of trying to steal his way to second. Aftthe season. Manager "Scissors" Fouts making several fouls Burns was sen then came along. The third one Amos to the initial hillock on four bad ones twirled, he pasted square on the seam to back of Burkeville. Before the ball was returned Dave was posing on second. As if to add to New York's discomfort, Daly banged a clean single over second, and Fours scored. Burns pushed a slow one to Davis which George fun. a slow one to Davis, which George fum-going to third. "Tommy" Corcoran bled. As a result, Daly reached third, then came up with blood in his eye. and Burns first in safety. Tredway lam-basted one out to the "Silent Man," Burns. Grim ended the agony by

Burkeville arose to do homage to their Eddie, as he stepped to the plate, but three ineffectual smashes at the sphere the best the left-field hero could do was to send a slow one to Shindle, and he After two strikes had been called on was easily disposed of at first. Tred-Fuller, he sent an easy bounder towards way then got into the game and made a ene to centre, but Griffin was there to and rolled over and over. Col. Rusie meet it. Davis waited patiently and and his Toledo bat then came to the walked to the initial corner. On the rescue of the New York "fane" with a next ball pitched by Kennedy George slashing single to centre. Fuller foimade a dash for Daly's corner, but was lowed with a beauty to left, but Amos

was not equal to the occasion, going out at first on his sizzling grounder to Staf-

ford. No runs. Van Haltren's patience was rewarded Kennedy sending him to first on balls. Davis bunted to Shindle, but in his anxiety to make a double play. Brook-lyn's third baseman made a poor throw and both men were safe. Doyle pushed out a long one which Griffin grabbed and by Mike's pretty throw Van Haltren was caught trying to get third. Tiernan was sent to first on balls. Davis going to second. Foutz put an end to the Giant's chances by corralling Stafford's liner. No runs.

Fifth Inning-Dark clouds began to gather at this point, and it looked doubtful if the game would be finished. 'redway succumbed to Rusie's shoots.



FARRELL PARTS HIS LOCKS IN THE MIDDLE.

chance for a put out, which Mike gracefully accepted. Davis to Doyle, was
Corcoran's fate. No runs.

Burke put one just out of Corcoran's
Daly reached third before the ball was reach and got to the initial mound. Far- returned. rell forced him at second, however. Burns struck out.



THE VIADUCT THIS YEAR.

as he stepped to the plate, and the fourth ball pitched he banged into left field between the stands. Rusic crossed the plate, but the ball was fielded in time to catch Van Haltren at the plate.

BROOKLYN. Although the ball was "blocked," Um-pire Lynch declared Van out. Capt. Davis kicked, but to no effect. Two

Sixth Inning.—Fuller and Doyle made short work of Grim's chances of scoring. Kennedy cut three slices out of the Griffin also fanned the air thrice. No

Doyle played one to right which Tiernan died at first on his grounder Stafford met the same fate exactly.

No runs.



THE VIADUCT LAST YEAR.

SCORE BY INNINGS. NEW YORK. 00002002

25,000 SAW THE GAME.

and They Cheered While the Band Played and the Teams Paraded.

(Special to The Evening World.) POLO GROUNDS, April 18 .- To-day all roads led to the Polo Grounds, and it seemed as if everybody on the Island of the balconies of the grand stand the Manhattan, who knows baseball, had bunting was festooned and gathered into tramped the road which led to the big bunting was festooned and gathered into diamond. He came with his sisters, his wife, and his girls, and he filled the grand stand so exceedingly full that even standing room was taken up. He game, and ever the posts and fences had was wedged in on the "Burkeville" the traces of a long, hard Winter rebenches and on the right field bleach- moved by the magic touch of the paint-

season opens, and it isn't every April day that the heat of the sun is tempered by cool breezes. Neither is it every day that the New York Giants play the Brooklyn Bridegrooms, as they did today. Bo, because this is unusual, the men who run things at the Polo Grounds and who are responsible for the grand American game of baseball, set to work to deek the flaspoles, the grand stand Crowda Await the Gasea Opening. nd everything else in sight, out like

Flags of every nation known and breeze, and the indulgent sun, seemingly made the colors of the bunting brighter still, and made the sward look wonder-



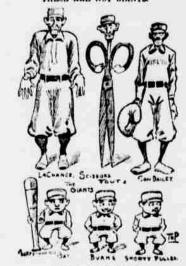
TIERNAN'S "EYE ON THE BALL."

to deck the flagpoles, the grand stand Crowds Await the Gates Opening

Crowds Await the Gates Opening.

And such a happy-go-lucky, good-natured crowd it was, with its pushing, shoving and treading on heels and bruising pet corns, and when, at 2 o'clock, the big gong banged away, announcing that the gates were about to open, such a rushing and scrambling hadn't been seen in many a day.

Inspector Conlin atood ready with fifty men to preserve order and take care of the good, honest citizen and his watch and pocketbook, and a force of detectives dressed plainly to deceive the wary thief, mingled with the crowd and watched for hands that perpetually itch.



March," composed for the occasion. There are occasions when a crowd breaks loose and forgets itself in its wild enthusiasm—when it forgets itself and everything else.

25,000 on the Grounds.

Before the teams were sent to practice there were fully 25,000 people on the grounds.

The Amnual Opening March.

There was just such an occasion today, and when the two teams every man an athicte, browned and muscular, stepped out upon the field for the "walk around" of the season, there wasn't a human being within the four fences who didn't yell, shout and pound the floor with his feet at the bare sight of the good old familiar faces and forms.

And then the stragglers, those few who are always the last men, who can never be on time, came rushing in, atumbling and tripping in their haste to see everything there was to see, fearful levt they should miss one lots of the day or lose one glimpse of what was going or in that hig field.

Even the humorist who had been crowing like a rooster until it seemed as the with his five wall decrease.

Even the humorist who had been crowing like a rooster until it seemed as though his throat would crack outdid himself, and above the music and the shouts, came his clarion cry, heginning in a bass and ending in a treble shriek of triumph.

Burkeville Welcomes "Eddie." The men looked well in their whits suits, which aimost dazzled the eyes that beheld them in the glare of the sun; they looked like what they areathletes of to-day, airrost idolized as they fight their mime and bloodless battles on the basebali arena.

They marched, the two teams, around to the east end of the field, where the white posts and stout ropes were all that kept the crowd from encroaching on the field. They passed Burkeville on the

big gong banged away, announcing that the gates were about to open, such a rushing and scrambling hadn't been seen in many a day.

Inspector Conlin stood ready with fifty men to preserve order and take care of the good, honest citizen and his watch and pocketbook, and a force of detectives dressed plainly to deceive the wary thief, mingled with the crowd and watched for hands that perpetually itch.

After the natter of rushing feet had ceased and folks began to settle themselves in place, the Seventh Regiment Band, turked sway in the southeast corner of the stand began to play one of those carchy little airs which those who have seen "Little Christopher" know so well, and as they played the people, who continued to come, unconsciously fell into step with the music. They played the march from "The Naval Cadets," a selection from "The Salety Girl," "La Casarine," an "On the Levee."

There are no of the stand began to play one of the stand began to play one of those carchy little airs which those who have seen "Little Christopher" know so well, and as they played the people, who continued to come, unconsciously fell into step with the music. They played the people, who can throw a ball so that it will do a servery body was gland he belonged to the New Yorks, except, perhaps, the men or the Brooklyn nine, who would like to have had him march in their uniform.

THERE ARE NOT GIANTS.

Cheers for Brooklyn, Tee.

Cheers for Brooklyn, Too.

Brooklyn's team, the Bridegreeona was on the field, too, notwithstanding the remark of an enthusiastic breker to the effect that only the "Ganta were in it." Dave Foulz, the human compasses, who is affectionately called "Scissors" for obvious reasons, and who is becoming slightly baid, was the most conspicuous of the Brooklyn team. These who have seen him once never forget him.

In the Brooklyn contingent were blike Griffin, the man who is popularly supposed to own a brewery in East New York, although this serious charge has not been proven yet; Tommy Bures, the Howler, who is believed to carry a copper trumpet in his throat, and who uses it when he roars: "Get away upway up! Whos!" to the nimble baserunner.

There was also Tom Daly, the bene-

No Frankfuriers for Mayor Strong.

Mayor Strong came along before the bell rang for practice, with his pitching arm in good shape and ready to throw the clean white ball to the umpire, officially starting the baseball season in this city.

The frankfurier man's wiles were not heeded, and the supplicant plaint of the lemonade woman feel unbeard upon his party. His Honor wanted not frankfuriers, peanuta, lemonade nor chewing gum—he was after baseball and would not be content with less.

25,000 on the Grenner. Three Little Glants, These

Davis

James A. Battey, Louis Bell, Fred Wasra,
Frank Ehret, J. Rupp. jr., Col. Jael B. B.
hardt, Col. F K. Hain, starshal P. Wilder, E. B.

(Continued on Sixth Page.)



Burkeville "Stretches" Between Innings.

No runs. was caught trying to make third on the hit, Burns making a beautiful throw. No runs.

hit, Burns making a beautiful throw

Second Inning—Corcoran piugged one No runs.

at Stafford, but the ball got to first be- Fourth Inning-Pitcher Kennedy again fore him. Tiernan captured Grim's long distinguished himself by dropping a safe my to left, and again the New York one back of second. Griffin pushed a "fans" had a chance to how! Mr. Kenlong one to the right field ropes, but nedy, he of the curves of the shoots, again the "silent Jerseyman" was then came along with his bat, and pick-there and got under the ball nicely. ing out a nice outcurve sent the hall to Foutz sent one out to Fuller who threw a clean single. Griffin hanged in time to force Kennedy at second tiner which struck Ruste square on After two strikes had been called, Daly the head. The bull caromed to left field, banged a scorcher past Davis for a and Kennedy reached third and Griffin single. Foutz going to second. Burns



Rusie and his big but got into the game at this point and after the dust had cleared away, "Duke" Farrell was on

third and Amos on first. Amid cheering from 25,000 throats, Farell crossed the plate with New York's run on Fuller's sacrifice to left field, Rusie going to second. Van Halren cantered to Foutz's corner on balls. Capt. Davis had vengeance in his eye

1= POWERS

HOW THE GAME LOOKED TO AN "L" ENGINEER. Tredway first on balls.
He stolo second.
Corcoran singled, sending in Daly and Tredway.
Kennedy singled, Grim going to third.
Farrell threw to catch Corcoran and Shindle scored.
Grim filed out. Three runs.
Burke filed out to Shindle.
Farrell filed to Tredway.
Rusic banged one at Kennedy, which laid nim up for a rew moments, Rusic redeaching first.
Fuller died at first. No runs.

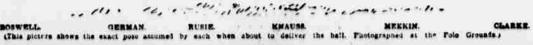
brellas.

Little Marshall Wilder, as good a

crank as ever put pencil to card, came

It isn't every day that the baseball





eries, until there was nothing left to er's brush. look at but heads, arms, hats and um-

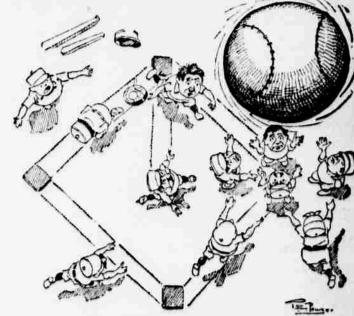
Vinduct Deadheads Shut Out.

A screen of mammoth canvas, stretched on lofty poles along the right-field fence. to early that there was no gateman to killed the vantage ground of the viaduct including that veteran rooter, Nick En-gel, who came in time to avoid the rush. But they either couldn't or wouldn' engineer looked out upon the field as h pulled the throttle to slow up.

A few favorites had trickled into the gate, which is so narrow that it is called after the gate made famous by the shut out Peri, and the crowd was outside out Perl, and the crowd was outside waiting until the gong should sound the magic hour of 2. The well-trodden path which leads from the "L" road station to the entrance of the grounds was lined with men and boys who know that crowds like to buy, and who filled the air with their cries. The man who is wise



TOMMY BURNS COACHING.



How the Game Looked to a Fly Ball.

extreme left, and the rooters rose as if each person was controlled by the same spring and cheered and yelled as they passed.

Cheers from the Grand-Stand. Last of all they came to the bedecked grand stand. There was Mike Tiernan. "Good old Mike," they yelled at him. The only one of the Giants of '89 who is still wearing the uniform of the team cracks for very joy. Who could help but see Eddie Burke, the "Eddie, Eddie,

Geniuses Were They All.

THIRD ALARM FIRE.

Turned On at 6 O'Clock for a Diase in Frankfort Street. At 6 o'clock three alarm were turned in for a fire which broke out at Frankfort and Pearl street.

Murphy's Flat, a Popular Fun Buy it, try it, and lough like thusdo